

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000.

Tickets only \$5. Shares in Proportion.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company...

Commissioners: J. A. Emery, J. A. Emery, J. A. Emery.

Enclosed find \$100 for the Louisiana State Lottery Company...

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

Its grand single number drawings take place monthly.

A splendid opportunity to win a Fortune, Fourth Grand Drawing Class D, in the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, April 8, 1884--16th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifth's proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table with 2 columns: Prize Amount and Number of Tickets. Includes categories like CAPITAL PRIZE, PRIZES OF \$5000, etc.

APPROXIMATE PRIZES.

Table with 2 columns: Prize Amount and Number of Tickets. Includes categories like APPROXIMATE PRIZES OF \$1000, etc.

1884 Prizes, amounting to \$285,500.

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly giving full address. Make P. O. Money Order payable and address Registered Letters to...

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

Postal Notes and ordinary letters by Mail or Express (all sums of \$5 and upwards by Express at our expense) to...

J. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La., 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

HENRY COLLEGE LOTTERY

\$30,000 for \$2.

REGULAR MONTHLY DRAWING will take place in Covington, Ky., Thursday, March 27th, 1884.

A Lawful Lottery & Fair Drawings.

chartered by the Legislature of Ky., and is the only lottery legal by the highest court in the State.

Result money or Postal Note Bank Draft in full or order to J. J. DOWLING, Covington, Ky., will be sent at once.

March Scheme.

Table with 2 columns: Prize Amount and Number of Tickets. Includes categories like 1 Prize, 2 Prizes, etc.

1,875 Prizes, \$10,400. Whole Tickets, \$2. Half Tickets, \$1.

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CAUTION.

Be careful of the name of the lottery. Beware of cheap imitations.

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TOO BIG-HEARTED TO LIVE.

A Museum Manager Talks About Fat Women.

Their Early Deaths Largely Owing to Lack of Exercise--Fair and Fat but Seldom Forty.

New York Journal.

"They all go off in the same way," observed the man who started the first museum in the Bowery to a Journal reporter yesterday.

"Fatly degenerations of the heart, the doctors call the cause of their death, and they tell that the adipose matter--that is, the fat--is deposited not only under the skin, but on the delicate membranes that form the valves of the heart, as well as around the orifices of the valves themselves.

"Everything looks prosperous. The brass band in the museum story window is blowing away for dear life. The ticket seller can scarcely handle the dimes that are flowing in. The proud owner of the six hundred pounds of female loveliness is the picture of health and rosieness, when she is in the museum, and stays shut."

Pausing a moment to breathe a sigh that nearly knocked over the living skeleton who, standing by, was listening to the dangers he had no share in, the speaker continued:

"The trouble with all the fat women that exhibit themselves is that they don't take exercise. They go to the museum in the morning and there they sit all day and half the night. They never move unless it is to walk to the nearest restaurant that has contracted for their meals. If they would only move the rest of their bodies half as vigorously as they move their jaws they'd keep in good health without reducing their weight. There's Hannah Battersby, for example, who was the heaviest of them all. Not a day passed but that she walked a certain distance; the consequence is she is young now, hale and hearty, at fifty years of age.

"But I can't drum it into the others," continued the showman, regretfully, "that they should follow her example and the consequence is that every now and then I have to hire four or five carpenters at \$2 a day for a week to build the coffins for them.

"The last one of the show fat women to die," went on the speaker, "was Jessie Waldron. She was only twenty years old, over six feet in height and really 400 pounds, though, of course, her 'show weight' was greater. Two years ago she was in Bunnell's Museum at Coney Island. Jesse Reed, who had charge of the curiosities in the museum, fell in love with her, and she reciprocated with the full weight of her affections. They were married, and one child has blessed the union. A month ago the family went to Buffalo, N. Y., where Jessie was to exhibit herself. She died there suddenly on Tuesday last and was buried yesterday in Evergreen's Cemetery, Long Island.

"Your girl," said the museum man, sadly, "was of the kindest disposition, and so good-natured that every one loved her. On her monument should be inscribed: 'She laughed and grew fat. The death of Blanche Gray, went on the necrologist, 'was even more sudden. Blanche weighed 450 pounds, and was only 17 years of age when she met David Moses, a young man evidently saw in her the promised land, for he proposed to her and was accepted. The happy pair started on their wedding trip with the most brilliant prospects, which were enhanced to Moses by the salary of \$25 a week drawn by his better half. In Baltimore on the 26th of last October the cruel fate that seems to overhang all women beyond a certain avoidable overlook Blanche and left Moses a lonely widower.

"Annie Woods, surnamed the Beautiful Fat Woman," concluded the museum proprietor, sadly, "reached only the age of 17, although she boasted of 400 pounds of charms before she was cut off. I could name a woman named Fannie White, traveling with the Nathan show, in a Pullman car, fell asleep and never woke up again. It was annoying to the car company, for they had to take off the roof of the car--but I think I've told you enough to prove to you that life is doubly uncertain to fat women, and I must now leave you to change the spots on that chap upstairs from Mexico."

Made Her Feet Bad.

From Texas Sitings.

"You look sad, Birdie; what's the matter?" was the words addressed to Birdie McHenipin by her friend, Mollie Squires, as they met on Austin avenue.

"I am not feeling well."

"Are you sick?"

"No, I am not precisely sick, but I feel tired, overworked."

"Do tell me about it."

"Well, you see our colored cook is sick, and now poor mother has to do all the cooking and scrubbing, and washing and ironing, and it makes me feel so tired to see the old creature work. She is so slow."

Old Maids at Auction.

At a private entertainment at New Haven one of the incidents of the money-getting was a mock auction sale of old maids. There were thirteen of these spinsters, and the bidding was spirited, but its results reflected on the parity of the sex.

For, after the unmasking, the chaste woman commanded the lowest offers and was knocked down at the humiliating figure of twenty-three cents, proved to be the wealthiest woman in the city.

Show Your Hands.

Texas Sitings.

Entering an Austin watchmaker's establishment, a country negro produced the hands of a clock, and observed to the astonished watchmaker:

"How, I wants yer fix up dese han's. Dey jans don't keep no kure't time for morn den six mums."

"Are you got de glock?" interrogated the German proprietor of the establishment.

"Gut at de house on Injun Creek."

"What you brings der glock?"

"What you want de glock?"

"I wants to fix der glock mit der hands."

"Of course you fixes it wid yer han's. Who said you was gwinter fix it wid yer toes?"

"I must hab der glock."

"Dat you told you dar was gwinter de matter wid der glock, bepin de han's, and I have done dese bring em to yer. You jans wants de glock so you kin tinkler wid it, and charge me like de kinble. Gib me back dem han's," and taking them away from the designing German he went to hunt up another establishment.

THE MAD MARKSMAN.

Translated from the French of Joseph Montet.

I had just taken a turn, in company with Doctor Noiret, through the vast gardens that surrounded his hospital, and was advancing with him toward the stoop of his own special dwelling. The celebrated physician, whose particular field was insanity, was explaining to me the case of one of his patients whom we had met in all alley and who had saluted us with a patronizing air.

At that moment an explosion resounded a few paces from us. I grasped my host's arm.

"What's that?" I asked. "Has one of your patients shot himself?"

Doctor Noiret smiled.

"No," said he; "reassure yourself. It's still another curious case I want you to see."

And turning obliquely to the left, he drew me toward a small pavilion, hidden behind a grove of trees. He unlocked a door, led me across a narrow vestibule, and we found ourselves in a sort of long court, surrounded by walls. A man was there, of lofty stature, clad in a strange hunting costume, recalling by certain details the Mexican fashion. He had his back against the wall of the pavilion and, at the moment we entered, raised his right hand, armed with a pistol. Our arrival did not disturb him. He aimed slowly, with a sure hand. I followed the direction of the weapon and saw the heavy masses distant, at the foot of the opposite wall, a white face with a dark hole in the center of the forehead. It was, as well as I could judge at that distance, the plaster mask of a Greek head, in which I thought I recognized the classic type of Diana, the Huntress.

The pistol was discharged. The head did not move and not a fragment flew from it.

"Look!" said the doctor to me in a low voice. "It's very curious. He never misses his mark."

"He never misses?"

"No. All the balls are lodged in the same place, in that dark hole, smaller than a piece of a hundred sols."

The man had drawn another pistol from his belt. He fired. As before the weapon remained inert. The weapon being loaded with several bullets, in the American fashion, the marksman successively discharged five or six balls. Not one of them cut the forehead of the white face.

The doctor laid his hand upon the shoulder of the marksman, who ceased about. His visage, though entranced by a strong emotion, had an expression at once energetic and sad.

"Stop an instant," said the doctor to him.

The man made with his head a sign of consent. Then the doctor led me to the other end of the court, and behind the plaster mask, showed me a plate of blighted iron that protected the wall from the center of the plate a round spot glistening with reflections of lead produced by the flattening of the balls.

"You see," said he, showing me the exact correspondence of this brilliant spot with the hole that pierced the plaster mask, "you see that all the balls pass through there. You will not find one of them elsewhere."

"It is marvelous!" answered I. "But what strange history is associated with this man?"

"Come," said the doctor to me; "I will tell you all about it outside."

We again crossed the court and the vestibule of the pavilion. And this is the story that Doctor Noiret told me, while we walked with regular intervals between them.

"This unfortunate man," said my host, "calls himself Guido Ventura. Is he an Italian, a Spaniard or an American? That's what we don't exactly know. Probably he is an American, for it is the new world particularly that sends us these virtuous men of the revolver and the rifle. It was from there, at all events, that this one came to France. You may have seen him last year at the Alcazar d'Automne, when he gave four or five exhibitions, and would have had all Paris running to see him if a terrible event had not suddenly interrupted the course of his representations. But we must begin at the beginning. There is an exciting story involved, that I certainly am the only person acquainted with, having without aid, during the six months this man has been an inmate here, succeeded in reconstructing the details of it. Thanks to certain words that an intermittent delirium snatches from him. Hence I will give it to you as I see it, sure that my vision does not deceive me.

"Guido Ventura, when he came to Paris, was accompanied by a young woman named Miss Arabella. She was a superb creature, scarcely twenty years of age, with the head of a goddess and the figure of a statue. Admirers were not lacking, and in less than a week it had become the fashion to go see the splendid Arabella, and in his exercises the celebrated marksman, Guido Ventura, shooed proudly, her arms folded, her visage impassive, directed upon her the vain menace of his pistol, the infallible ball of which cut a card between her fingers, broke the bowl of a pipe two inches from her lips and crushed the shell of a nut placed upon her head.

"A slight trembling of the marksman's hand and all would have been over with the superb Arabella. But the hand of Guido Ventura never trembled.

"Evidently Guido Ventura loved this creature like an idol. To be convinced of it is sufficient to surprise one of those flashes that shot from his eyes each time when in the foyer of the theater, where he was awaiting his turn to go upon the stage, some gallant was unusually attentive to the handsome girl. Was he jealous, also? Certainly; and he must have suffered atrociously, for his companion, as you may see by the look of delight in his eyes, was the cause of his jealousy.

"On one occasion the manager of the Alcazar d'Automne stopped her in the wings as she was escaping with a laugh from a circle of wine-excited coxcombs.

"See here, my little one," he whispered in her ear, 'you had better take care. Every evening that man holds your life in his mercy!'

Arabella burst out laughing.

"He kill me!" cried she, shrugging her shoulders. 'Get along with you; he thinks too much of me to harm a hair of my head!'

"And every night she stood before the muzzle of the pistol with the same serene tranquillity, fascinating the rebellion of her lover, as the eye of the tamer fastens that of a wild be."

"One evening, when the name of Guido Ventura and that of Arabella had been shining scarcely a week upon the bills of the Alcazar d'Automne, a gentleman of the appearance entered the foyer, went straight to the young woman, who uttered a slight cry of surprise, and taking her hand, kissed the tips of her fingers. Guido Ventura, who was talking to the manager, turned and suddenly grew very pale. The man who had just entered was a rich Yankee whose attentions to Miss Arabella had made some noise in New York. It was because of him particularly that the marksman had made his engagement in Paris and hastened his departure from America. But this man now had taken a notion to follow them, for it was on account of Arabella that he had come to Paris. As soon as he had ascertained where she had gone he had taken passage upon the next steamer. That night as she was returning to her dressing-room Guido Ventura made a terrible scene with his companion.

"But the most terrible scene took place some nights later. For a week the American had hung about Arabella's footsteps. Guido Ventura had striven to exact that the manager of the Alcazar d'Automne should prohibit him from entering the coulisses. But, having made his way into the managerial office with his hat in his hand, the American emerged, putting his wallet back into his pocket and there was no longer question of his exile.

"That night, when Arabella was preparing to assume her page's dress for the performance, Guido Ventura saw a paper fall from her corsage. He picked it up, read it; it was a love letter, proposing to the young girl an elopement and marriage the next day. When he came down to the foyer, the marksman had knitted brows and a quivering lip. He took a pistol and aimed at his own image in a mirror to try his hand. His hand did not tremble.

"Five minutes afterwards he was on the stage, commencing his exercises. As he turned he saw behind him in the coulisse the American leaning against a flat. Just as that instant Miss Arabella glared herself in front of him, her arms folded, her nuptial placed upon her head. She smiled. On whom was she smiling? On the man who was there, behind him! Guido Ventura saw it clearly from the direction of her glance! Suddenly, her eyes having moved, she ceased to smile and a shadow passed across her visage. Standing before her, Guido Ventura took aim full at her forehead.

"The report rang out and Miss Arabella fell dead upon the boards. When they tore from his arms the corpse that he was desperately clasping to his bosom Guido Ventura was a madman.

"Was it a crime?--was it an accident? They thought only of stifling the affair. In Paris he fled speedily out of mind. The first excitement over, people forgot the two heroes of this bloody drama.

"Since that time Guido Ventura has been here, in my establishment, passing half his days aiming at that plaster mask. Once he chanced to break it. For a week afterwards he was delirious. But he is inoffensive, as you can see."

We returned to the pavilion and found the marksman loading his weapons.

"Not a shot missed the mark, eh?" said the doctor to him, in an affable tone.

The man raised his head, and, pointing with his finger to the plaster mask, answered in a hollow voice:

"Not one! Always in the center of the forehead!"

How the Widowers Woo.

Livermore Herald.

The widowers of Martha's district are taking the shine out of young men. They do not stand back and curl their mustaches and eye the girls from a distance. They know when a pencil is ripe, and pick it off while the boys are smacking their lips and admiring it. And when they want to ask the old lady they don't sit up half the night kicking up the clunks, waiting for the children to go to bed and dreading the ordeal, but go in a business way. We heard of one recently who went on such a grand and stated that he came over to get a tub, and while his future mother-in-law was out showing where to borrow it, he proposed to take her daughter along to take care of it. They are, alas! these old widowers are.

Only One Chair in the Room.

Evansville Argus.

Mr. Wilberforce, of Main street, is not a bad man in his way, but he was sorely put out the other morning at breakfast. He had not a notion what was in his parlor chair, and when he entered the room he found but one of those useful articles left.

He immediately called his daughter and turning angry to her said:

"You entertained Augustus Smith for two hours last evening in this room?"

"I did, pa," confessed the maiden with a blush.

"And where did he sit?"

"On that chair."

"And where did you sit?"

"I-I-I--"

"No prevarication. Where did you sit?"

"I--oh, gracious! I sat on the coal-burn."

Mr. Wilberforce says he doubts the truth of the statement, but where could the poor girl have sat!

Wei De Meyer.

It is now well known that Wei De Meyer's Catarrh Cure is the only treatment that will also cure Catarrh of the bladder, urethra, prostate, etc. Very efficacious. Sells at 50c. Wholesale Water, N.Y. "One box cured me. My wife, Mary, Kansas, Blount, Dakota." It is sold by the public, Rev. Geo. E. Reid, Colville, N. Y. "On box radically cured me. Rev. C. M. Taylor, 140 Noble street, Brooklyn." A perfect cure after 30 years suffering. J. D. Morgan, 710 Broadway, N. Y. "Ac, &c. Thousands of testimonials are received from all parts of the world. Delivered, \$1.00. Dr. Wei De Meyer's Illustrated Treatise, with statements by the cure mailed free. D. B. Dewey & Co., 152 Fulton street, N. Y. Telephone 3-3636.

E Pluribus "Onion."

City Herald.

"Lucy," said one South-Side girl to another last night, "somebody wants to speak to you over the telephone."

"Is it a gentleman or a lady?"

"A gentleman."

"Oh, dear! you answer him."

"Why, he wants to speak to you."

"I wouldn't dare to talk through the telephone to-night; you know I've been eating onions. I'll step into the back yard and you can tell him I'm out."

A POSITIVE CURE.

Without medicine. Patented Oct. 16, 76. One box will cure the most obstinate case no matter how long standing.

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.

No dangerous doses of salubrious, copious, or of any kind of medicine, but safe and effective, by dissolving the bougie in the stomach. Price \$1.00. Sold by a druggist, or mailed on receipt of price for the particulars send for circular.

J. C. ALLAN CO., 100 Box 1,055, New York.

A Happy Family.

Pulled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle, it will cure all ailments of the stomach, indigestion, headache, neuralgia, etc. It is a household necessity. Price 25c. Sold by a druggist, or mailed on receipt of price for the particulars send for circular.

When cold, let it be peaceful slumber. All said their prayer and slept like thunder.

CONSTIPATION

There is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by Constipation, and there is on other ill flesh is heir to more apt to be neglected, from the fact that material inconvenience may be immediately felt from irregular action of the bowels. When there is not regular action the retention of decayed and effete matter, with its poisonous gases, soon poisons the whole system by being absorbed into it, causing piles, flatulency, headache, impure blood and many other serious affections. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will immediately relieve, and one bottle positively cure or relieve any case of Constipation.

"I was troubled for a year with torpid liver and indigestion, and after trying everything imaginable used BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. The first bottle revived me and the second cured me entirely."

—J. S. Williamson, Rochester, N. Y.

Parlor Coods

Now ready for the inspection of customers, the newest novelties in Suits and Old Pieces.

Draperies.

Complete stock of all the latest styles in Turcoman, Madras and Lace Curtains, Etc., Etc.

Elegant Passenger Elevator to all Floors.

CHARLES SHIVERICK, 1206, 1208 and 1210 Farnam Street, OMAHA, NEB.

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